

GYRE

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GYRE

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA
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FROM THE EDITOR

Having been editor of the GYRE for a year, I am firmly convinced that one of the most misunderstood and mispronounced words on campus is "gyre." To the majority of students this word could be anything from German for cheesecloth to Latin for sex, and pronunciations seem to vary more than definitions. Therefore, I am writing this editorial in hopes that it will help answer some of the questions the student body has concerning the name of the magazine.

The name of Longwood's literary magazine was changed in 1965 from the COLONNADE to the GYRE. According to Dean Herbert R. Blackwell, one of the magazine's sponsors at that time, the change was made because the national rating service for college magazines said COLONNADE was too long.

The editor that year was a great admirer of William Butler Yeats. Those who have read Yeats know that he uses the word "gyre" in quite a bit of his poetry. The name GYRE was submitted to the staff for discussion and was approved.

Webster defines "gyre" as a spiral motion, a whirl, or a revolution. Possibly it was this definition as well as the word's brevity that led to its selection as the title. In late 1965 and early 1966 the magazine underwent what might be considered a revolution. The shape and cover design were changed and advertisements were discontinued. "Gyre" is pronounced (jir), the "g" being soft like a "j". It is interesting to note that Yeats, himself, mispronounced the word and used a hard "g" calling it (gir). He evidently believed the latter pronunciation gave a better effect when his poetry was read aloud.

J. C. H.

THE FIELD

Vickie Bowling

When Linda finally had a chance to slip away to the field the sun was straight up in the sky. Its rays seeped through every part of her body, and she spread her arms to capture and keep them. With no breeze stirring, the air was still and dry. The sky seemed endless; no clouds were in sight. Linda wondered if the sky was as blue halfway around the world.

The grass was at least a foot high. No one ever bothered to cut it. Linda liked that. The field would look as if it belonged to someone if it was cut. This way anyone could own it, even her. By propping herself up with her elbows, she could see everything around her. And everything she saw reminded her of Brian.

The field gave Linda a sense of isolation, as if she was hidden from the world. Right now that was just what she wanted. Alone she could think about what had happened. It was a good feeling, being alone. The house had been so full of friends, relatives, and flowers. Even at night she hadn't had a chance to be alone, having to share her room with her grandmother, listening to her talking on and on about Brian. Poor Gram, Brian had been her only grandson. But Brian was my only brother! she inwardly cried, and savagely uprooted a handful of clover.

Why? The question had been tormenting Linda for three days, during which time she hadn't seen or thought clearly. Just seventy-two hours before she had answered the doorbell to find Captain Anderson standing on the step looking very somber and grave. She hadn't caught on at first; then half a second later she had realized why he was there. Somehow her voice had come back long enough for her to ask him in. Her mother had started crying as soon as he told them. Killed instantly, the captain had said, blown up by a grenade tossed to land at his feet. Not even enough of him left to send home. Captain Anderson hadn't said **that**, of course, but they all had understood what he meant. That was why there hadn't been a funeral, only memorial services.



Why? The question still gnawed at Linda. One of her first reactions had been, why Brian? Why not Joe Smoe or Tom Smith? When she realized that it had happened to Joe Smoe and Tom Smith too, she wondered why it had to be anyone at all. Small comfort was taken from the fact that she wasn't the first girl asking that question.

Maybe it happened in a field like this, she thought. But here it's so peaceful, so tranquil. Nothing bad could ever happen here. This might even be what Paradise looks like. Why couldn't it be that way over there, too? It was so hard to understand. Brian had talked to her once about life and its cruelties. One afternoon on his last leave home before he left the country they had come out here for a few minutes. "This world is unfair, Linda," he had said. "But it's the only world we've got, so we just have to live with it and try to make it a little fairer for the next guy."

Her thoughts were interrupted by a butterfly, a bright orange one, that flitted by her nose. Her eyes followed it until it went out of sight, her mind remembering the summer that Brian had collected butterflies. He had let her come with him to hold the jars. That was the summer he was going to be a biologist when he grew up. He must have collected fifty butterflies, all of them the same colors, either orange or yellow. He had even caught a caterpillar as it was beginning to cover itself with a silky shell. They had broken off the branch and hung it in Brian's room, and watched the cocoon until the butterfly emerged. It had died, though, just like all the others. Linda was sure that that butterfly collection was still in the basement somewhere. Brian rarely threw anything away.

She heard a cricket chirping. Its dry shrill cry offended her with its sadness. She hadn't wanted to notice it. Once, when they were little, Brian and his best friend Bill had put a cricket down her back. They had laughed at her efforts to get it out until they saw the tears she was desperately

trying not to shed. Then Brian had jerked her shirttail away from her shorts so that the cricket would fall out. After she had promised not to tell their parents, he and Bill had taken off on their bikes. Now, she wasn't afraid of crickets anymore—but she was afraid. Brian hadn't been afraid of anything.

The creek was just barely in view from where she was lying. She inched herself forward to look down into it. That creek hadn't changed since all the kids used to go wading in it. Grinning, she remembered the time when she had knocked her shoes and socks into the water. Brian had had to carry her piggy-back up the stairs so as not to leave any tell-tale evidence for their mother. She wondered if things like that ever happened later in life, or was that part of her gone forever? Gone like him? Idly, she flicked a stick into the slow-moving water. She watched it as it flowed with the current and realized that the creek did change. It was changing every minute with new water replacing the old. She did not like what she felt just then. She moved away from the creek.

There were so many dandelions. Linda snapped one from its roots to blow away, an old one that had turned white. She and Brian and Bill and all the other kids used to have contests to see who could blow theirs the furthest. It was always a boy who won. She blew another one, then stopped, startled by what she was thinking. She was blowing a life away. How did that poet put it? "Out, brief candle!" A brief life snuffed out like a candle. Brian's life had been snuffed out just as this dandelion's life was being snuffed out. Looking around the field of dandelions she thought about the meaning of it all. So many dandelions, so many people. They all live now, but they all die. But Brian wasn't ready to die! The pent-up sobs of so many numbed days finally burst forth, and her tears brought forth the deeper realization that she wasn't and wouldn't ever be ready for his death.

AN INTERVIEW WITH

In addition to creative writing, the GYRE attempts to present features of interest and information to the college community. For the winter issue, the GYRE asked Emily Salle to interview the Slater management. Slater, which has provided Longwood's food service since September, 1955, is now under the local management of Mr. Billy Amonett.

Mr. Amonett from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, majored in economics at Middle Tennessee State University. He has been with Slater for six years. Before coming to Longwood, he was Location Manager for three years at Middle Tennessee State University and Unit Manager for three years at Virginia Interment College.

HOW BIG IS SLATER?

It is nationwide and also has units in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. For number of units it is larger than any other school food service in the United States.

ARE ARA AND SLATER THE SAME?

Yes, ARA is the parent company which merged with Slater about six years ago. The Slater name was retained for reputation purposes. ARA-Slater refers to the school and college division of the company.

WHAT DO THE LETTERS ARA MEAN?

Originally, ARA was the abbreviation for Automatic Retailers of America, since the parent company was chiefly a vending machine service. As of March, 1969, the company name is ARA SERVICES, INC.

DO YOU LIMIT YOURSELF TO COLLEGE SERVICES?

No, we are very diversified with 28 different divisions of services. Food service in hospitals, businesses, industry, schools and colleges represent our major concentration of business. ARA served the Winter Olympics in Mexico and the Apollo 11 astronauts at Cape Kennedy before their launch.

WHAT IS ARA'S LARGEST SCHOOL CONTRACT?

I cannot name the largest school that ARA serves. Some of the major ones we serve in the Mid-Atlantic and Southern regions are American University, George Washington University, West Chester State College, Wake Forest, University of South Carolina, University of Miami, University of Alabama, and North Carolina State. Longwood College is our largest school and college operation in the state of Virginia.

THE SLATER MANAGEMENT

DO THE TYPES OF FOOD THAT ARA SERVE DIFFER FROM ONE AREA OF THE U.S. TO ANOTHER?

Yes, the ARA office in Philadelphia sends a menu to each unit. Then, each unit has to adjust the menu for the tastes of the people in the area it serves.

WHAT KIND OF DEGREES OR TRAINING EXPERIENCE DOES ARA REQUIRE FOR MANAGEMENT PERSONNEL?

ARA does not require a particular degree although college graduates are usually hired. The company has an extensive program to train its managing personnel.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF HELP IN THE KITCHEN IN TERMS OF THE WORK THEY DO?

There is a production manager, Mr. Alonzo Hicks, who has been with us for 15 years. Before coming to Longwood he worked in food service in Baltimore. There is also a chef. Most of our cooks have been here a long time. Others who have been here for only a short time are constantly being trained.

HOW IS THE TEAROOM OPERATED?

ARA operates the tearoom on a cash basis. It is used for the staff and faculty. We also cater parties and meals there such as the president's luncheons and the staff luncheons.

WHO APPROVES YOUR MENUS?

The menus are planned two or three weeks in advance and are distributed about a week in advance to the administrative staff and the residence council. So far, no menus have been rejected.

DO YOU USE THE FOOD PREFERENCE SURVEY RESULTS?

Yes, we take this into consideration when planning menus. It is very useful in learning the likes and dislikes of the girls in this area.

WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO SERVE MORE FOODS THAT ARE LOW IN CALORIES BUT NOT NECESSARILY DIETARY FOODS?

Yes, I could find low-calorie substitutes in probably every meal for carbohydrates. We serve potatoes so often because there are "a thousand and one" different ways to prepare them. We do not strive to have a potato at every meal but usually we consider serving a carbohydrate item with the entree and vegetables.

DO YOU KNOW WHETHER THE FOOD HERE IS CLASSIFIED ON A GRADING SCALE AS A, B, C, OR D; AND IF SO, WHAT IS LONGWOOD'S RATING?

ARA has no grading system; however, some states rate facilities on a sanitation grading scale with A, B, or C. Virginia does not use this grading for sanitation inspection.

WHAT HAPPENS TO LEFTOVER FOODS?

Foods that are leftovers from the tables are disposed of. Foods that are over-produced in the kitchen are utilized in other items or are reconstructed for Sunday night buffet. However, there is relatively little over-produced food since we plan our food production so closely. In family-style service it is more difficult to use over-produced foods than it is in cafeteria service where foods can be reused the next day.

HOW DO YOU DETERMINE HOW MANY TABLES WILL BE CLOSED ON WEEKENDS?

Before each weekend the head residents give me a dorm count, telling how many students will be away for the weekend. Usually I receive this count by 11 or 12 o'clock Friday. We have 1750 students here, and if 750 are leaving, then there will be 1000 students left on campus. Then we refer to our history production cards in the files. If meatloaf is to be served, we look at the history production card for meatloaf. This card contains the following information about meatloaf meals served in the past: the number of people entitled to eat, the actual number of meals served and a percentage of the number of people who were here to eat, who came to the meal. Looking at the meatloaf card, for example, I see percentages of 84, 83, 83 and 85. That is, of the 1000 girls here for the weekend, about 85 percent came to this particular meal. That would mean we would open enough tables for 850 students or 106 tables out of the total 220. This method is also used to determine the number of tables to close throughout the week.

HOW CAN LONGWOOD GIRLS COOPERATE MORE WITH YOU, THE MAIDS, AND OTHERS IN THE DINING HALL?

The only problem which exists here is that sometimes girls do not follow the new rule regarding seating and entering the Dining Hall. After the blessing is said, the girls do not always immediately allow others whose tables have been closed to take vacancies at their table. It is a little rude and tends to discourage girls from coming to meals when their tables are closed. This seems to be the only area where I need the girls' cooperation. I also would appreciate their informing me concerning any problems they find in the Dining Hall.

HOW AND TO WHOM SHOULD LONGWOOD GIRLS EXPRESS THEIR DISCONTENT WITH DINING HALL SITUATIONS?

I would like to have the girls come to me, or to the Student Food Committee which consists of a student from each class, the Dean of Students, Dean Wilson, and the Business Manager, Mr. Paul. I would like to know of any dissatisfactions so that I can remedy them.

There once was a bear who was plump;
Who elected to sit on a stump.
But as he sat down,
It collapsed to the ground.
For his rump was too plump for the stump.

Donna Hamilton

MOURNINGS OF THE FLOWER

Lost and wandering in writhing paths
of Hate and Sorrow,

In shrouded visions of fleeting, hopeless
tomorrows,

In strangulating jungles of painful
memories,

In labyrinth perceptions of naked
realities,

i am.

For i have seen the Spider and know
his web.

And i have watched blossoming Tulips
drown in blood.

And i know that there are
bayonet-meadows with a surplus of
corpses,

and wailing masses of sawdust heads
and clay bodies,

and mushroom clouds of super-scientific
disaster,

and imbecile illusions of some fanatic
glory-seeker,

and hallucinary nightmares of some
well-adjusted, rich kid,

and maimed ladies, and impotent men, and
deformed babies,

and computers, and robots, and bottled
embryos.

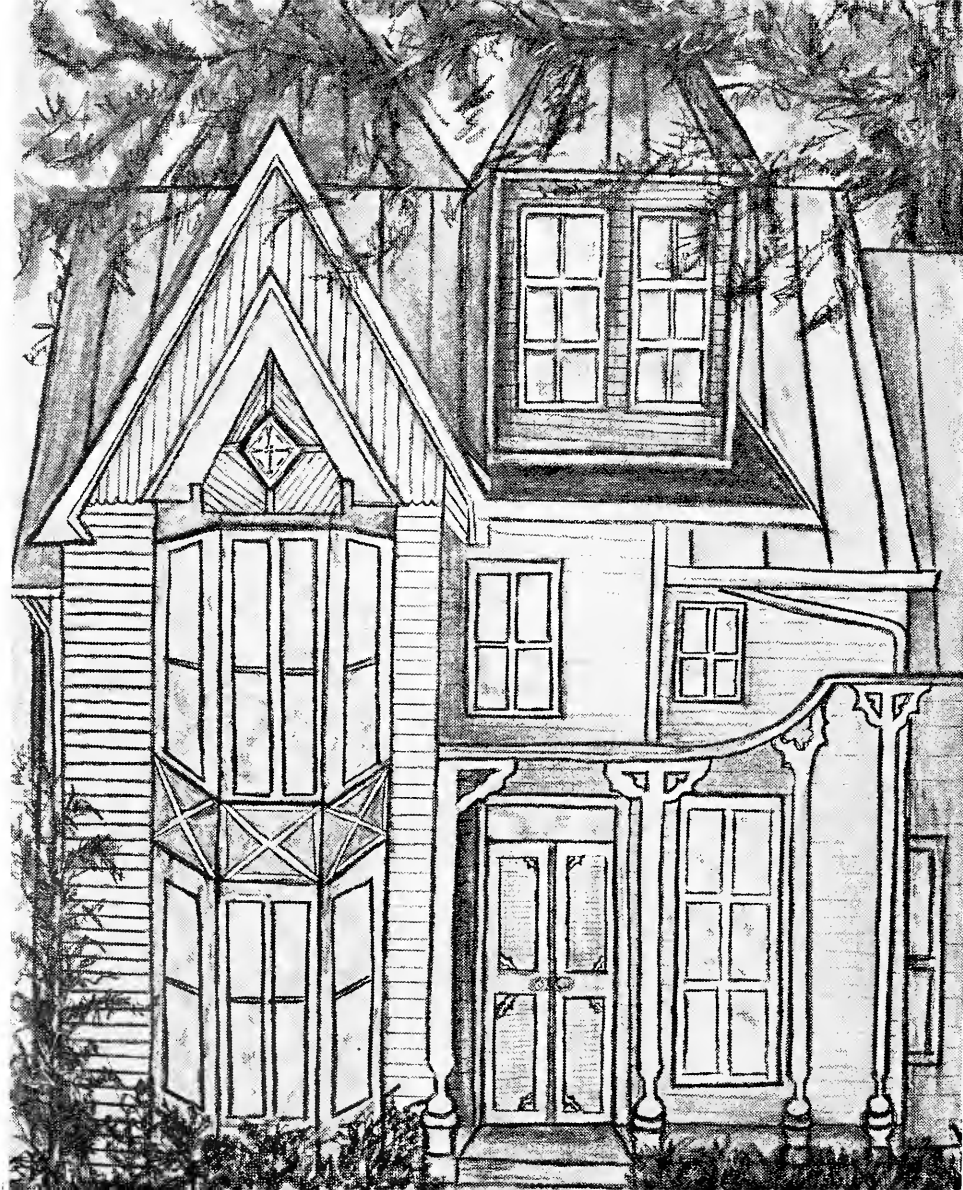
And so you find my attitude disgusting;
my ideas are somewhat warped
you say.

My perversions distress you—my
jeanpaulsartre type of hero, my
rage of adversity, my passion for
absurdity, my mind of nomadism,
my disdain.

I can't be blamed.

For you never told me about false
windmills, the loneliness of a swan, or
how quickly Yellow fades.

Eileen Reiter



PSALM AND SOLILOQUY

Praises be to the Heavenly Father!
Sing, crowds, cry out in praise!
Are you blind, that you cannot see
His rays thrusting through the rising gloom?
Are you deaf to the gospel
Sung by the meadow-lark? Though, true,
That song is now but repeated by mockingbirds.
Can you not feel—But why do you stare,
As if I were some ghastly apparition?
Am I so strange, alone here
In my stone prison, towering above you?
Is it because you know I will die
That you gape or grin or growl?
What fascination does the condemned have
For the common middle-class man!

I pity you, slaves of an ordered society.
Day after day you tread your sidewalks,
Follow your asphalt roads, and breathe
Perfumes as "essence of exhaust" or,
Perhaps, "incinerator incense."
You worship a silver-green god with one hundred arms,
Some grabbing, others lending, others palm outstretched,
Asking for the life-substance.
You live in canyons forty stories high,
Perfection in concrete and steel.
With these comforts, still you stare
At me, a bug pinned beneath a glass.

What's that? You pity me? You?
FOOLS! Look about you!
Are you blind to the rising sun?
Look at the sun-dappled deer paths,
Shunned by men! You tell me
This is a miserable, loveless life,
But you look only for the misery!
Joy, it seems, is "distasteful."
Cry, then, my children, for truly
You are missing the best of life.

I don't want your pity! I disdain
Your scorn! I love life, I glory in it,
Rolling in it like a cat in dust.

Dust?

Yes, dust. Life is but a golden dust,
To be rolled in, tasted of, and whisked away.
Of course we'd like to stay, but a mere dusting
Is enough. The Master wants His cat
To have only a taste of life in a dust bowl.

The cat enjoys the brief freedom, the Master
Enjoys its antics, but both are happier
Once inside again. But you wouldn't understand,
For your master and mine are different.
My Master calls from the highest tree
On the Blue Ridge Mountains or blazes
A dancing trail in the Dismal Swamp.
His song is soft as the whippoorwill's wail
And deep as the thunderstorm's roar.
His touch is warm, like the basking rocks,
Yet cold as an icicle's breath.
His trace is left by the mountain laurel;
His scent is sweet as the pine.

You, pity me?
How absurd! The very ones who torture me,
Mock at me—you, pity me?
Because my treasure is simple quartz,
And yours is gold; because my wine
Flows pure and cold from the hills, and yours
Must be bottled and falsified;
Because my heart follows the primitive,
Why must you thrust me alone?

Yes, you've given me a cage and a name plate,
Like all the others who went before me
And, for sheer misery, became extinct.
You're looking for me to die now,
Because I am so foolish as to refuse
To change and become like you.
It won't be long. I can't see what I loved.
The mountains are gone, the meadows are paved.

Sing praises to His name. . . .

Will you remember me? The last—what is it?
The last Romanticist. I see a cloud,
And trees—real trees, bending down,
With live birds. . . . Master! . . .

Jenny Young

LATIN LIVES

Today I went back to school to see Miss Cox and tell her that Johnny and I are getting married. She looked the same, sitting there at her desk, her elbows plowed into the blotter and her head held in oversized palms. Her forehead was squeezed in concentration over something she was reading, probably one of Ovid's poems, and she didn't see me standing there on the threshold. The room looked the same, too. The filing cabinets still wouldn't shut, the desks were all out of line, and the "Latin Lives" sign still hung lopsided over the blackboard. How we all used to laugh about that sign painstakingly carved by some boy in shop class! Perhaps if Miss Cox had been one of those skinny, flat-chested, wispy-haired, die-away voiced old maids, there would have been a need for that proud and defiant proclamation. Miss Prebble, the other Latin teacher down the hall, could have displayed the sign to good advantage. As it was, however, anyone who stepped over the threshold of Miss Cox's classroom knew immediately that Latin lives. In fact he would have to be absolutely deaf to escape Miss Cox's commanding-officer voice.

I stepped over the threshold for the first time in four years, and as I did, Miss Cox crunched down on one of her perpetual lifesavers. I felt my stomach twitch and my lips quiver. Miss Cox used to stop class practically every day right in the middle of one of Cicero's orations or the burning of Troy and ask one of the boys to run over to the drugstore and buy her a pack of cherry lifesavers. Johnny says he spent more money on lifesavers for Miss Cox than he did on my engagement ring! I couldn't hold back a giggle. It kept rising until it reached my throat and nearly choked me. I coughed to keep it back. She looked up then, and her face relaxed into wrinkles. Her eyes narrowed to thin black lines, and her glasses slid down her nose to the fleshy, bulbous tip. Johnny once told me that she'd had plastic surgery on her nose so that her glasses wouldn't fall off when she laughed.

"Why, Sally Peters," she said, and her voice bounced off the blackboards and filing cabinets and filled the room. "Why, Sally Peters, how are you?"

I walked over to her desk then and, like a fool, thrust my left hand out in front of her. "Johnny and I—we're getting married," I said. The words spilled out, and I felt my cheekbones blaze and the nerve under my left eye twitch. Johnny still teases me about how my eye always use to jump when I'd miss a word in translation. Miss Cox would whirl around and pound the blackboard with chalk that shattered. "Verb, Subject, Object," she would shout. "Verb, Subject, Object." Then she'd be behind me with her hands on my shoulders pressing the words one after another out of me.

This time though I was standing over her, and her face was crinkled all up, and her teeth showed in a smile like she used to give her errand boy for the day when he returned from the store with the cherry lifesavers. "What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" she shouted, rising until she stood above me, grasping me in her oversized hands, and pressing and pumping my shoulder blades. She had told us, too. By the time Johnny and I graduated, Miss Cox's predictions about us were famous. Everybody took up the joke. "Johnny and Sally are perfect for each other," they all said, and laughed. "She's Dido and he's Aeneas, except they'll live happily ever after."

Miss Cox even used to ask Johnny at least twice a week if he didn't think I was pretty. "Isn't Sally pretty today, Johnny, with that blue sweater to match her eyes?" I used to watch the pink creep up from Johnny's collar and deepen to red by the time it reached his ears. I blushed, too, but Johnny couldn't see me; he was too embarrassed to turn around and look. Miss Cox was the only one who wasn't embarrassed, and she stood there in the front of the room and smiled down on us like our guardian angel.

"Come on, Sally, and sit down at your old desk." She crossed the room and pulled out the right chair from the right desk. I sat down and ran my fingers over the rough, ink-filled carvings on the top of the desk. Miss Cox sat at her own desk at the front of the room, and for a minute I was back in Latin IV, wondering if I knew how to conjugate that verb written on the board. It was a first year verb, and I should have been able to remember.

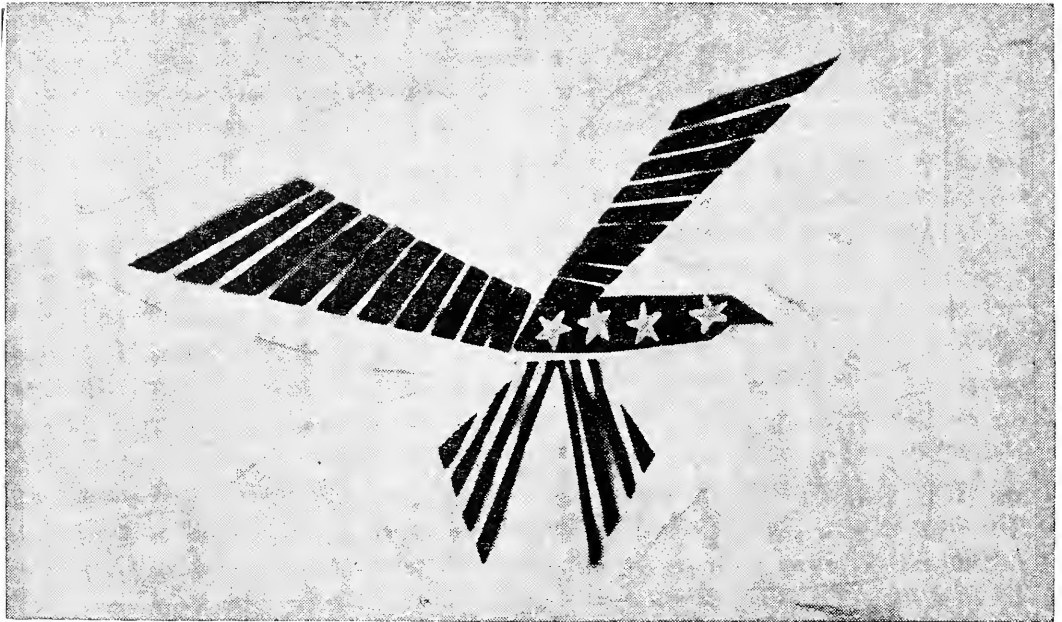
"The wedding will be in July," I said, forcing my eyes away from the verb on the board. *Porto, portare, portavi*—"We both want you to be there very much. Johnny is looking forward to seeing you again." She crunched down hard on another lifesaver, and my mind jumped back to the verb. Why on earth couldn't I remember it? *Porto, portare, portavi*—. "Oh, yes, Miss Cox, I remember the time Johnny and I played Pluto and Persephone for the Latin Club." I did remember. It was all her idea. I stood on the stage in knee socks and cheesecloth, scattering plastic roses and waiting for Pluto to come and snatch me away to the underworld to be his bride. Finally, Johnny, looking more scared than godlike, rushed across the stage and yanked on my arm. I didn't move, and Johnny had to tug twice more before I realized that was all the snatching he was going to do. He wasn't about to lift me or take me in his arms before the entire class. Miss Cox clapped her huge hands together and laughed until her glasses vibrated on the end of her nose, and tears squeezed through the slits of her eyes. She laughed today, too, and this time I laughed until I started to cough.

We talked a few more minutes. I told her about Johnny's internship and our new apartment. She told me about the Latin contest which was coming up and about a meeting of the Classical Association she attended in Omaha last May. Through it all, I smiled and nodded and wondered if I could ever conjugate that verb.

A bell rang and locker doors slammed shut. A few students entered the room, glanced at the blackboard and thumbed hastily through the grammar book. A girl with red hair and blue eyes hesitated beside my desk. "Excuse me," she said, "but this is my desk." For a second, I honestly did not know what she meant. Miss Cox was at the front of the room, shuffling through a pile of test papers. She looked up and smiled—this time with the smile she reserved for parents and visitors. "Jenny Smith, this is Sally Peters. Sally is visiting us today. Sally, if you want to sit in on the lesson there's a chair in the back of the room." I turned around and looked at the chair, isolated in the back of the class. I didn't want to stay. I couldn't think how to conjugate that verb, and anyway, I had plans to make for the wedding.

Susan Adams

Flags for a New Generation



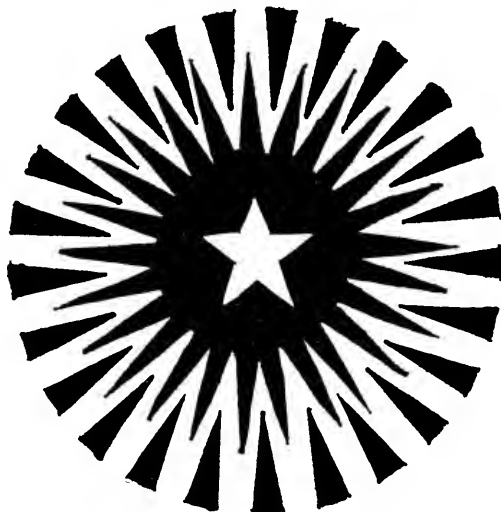
The eagle, which is recognized by most peoples as representing the United States, is the most appropriate symbol for this nation. His spread wings represent encompassing protection while his stately being denotes a magnificent power, a worthy protector, a symbol of security. The eagle also represents beauty and nature.

The red, white, and blue color scheme is retained for respect of history and tradition. Embossing serves as a unifying media, joining everything and enclosing the eagle, thus representing the United States as one nation.

Sharon Jefferson

The theme of the design is union. The circle, not completely closed but uniform, represents unity. The singleness of the star represents one union. Triangular forms composing the wheel stand for rigidity and firmness, the wheel itself for progression and constant movement. The blue center spokes represent the first thirteen states which united. The red and blue triangles together symbolize the fifty states of that union.

Donna Gleason



E PLURIBUS UNUM

THE DIGS

"And in concluding our discussion of lost cities which have been found," Professor Schillermann paused for the benefit of those students who wished to impress him by laughing at his ridiculous witticisms, "I wish to mention briefly the most recent excavations in an area which used to be a part of the North American continent. A most unusual culture once existed there.

"Six months ago a team of amateur archaeologists were digging in this wilderness in search of ancient Indian relics when, quite by accident, they discovered what now appears to be an ancient Roman city. With the exception of two buildings, the city was built in the style of Roman architecture. There are many massive columns, domes and arches to be found intact within the walls of the city.

"The two exceptions which indeed mar the classic beauty of this city were obviously the work of later invaders who possessed little feeling for artistic unity. One of these structures is located in the northwest area of the city. The vast number of chairs found in this ruin indicate that this building was used as a seat for government. The other exception is located in the southeast corner and due to its extreme height, the excavators believe it was used as a watch-tower.

"In various portions of the city stand the remains of a great wall which no doubt surrounded the buildings. It was used to ward off invaders, and, indeed, many tribes must have sought to conquer this civilization because this civilization, ladies and gentlemen, was definitely that of Amazons!

"No masculine articles have been uncovered within the walls except for a few trinkets which the Amazons probably seized from their foes. Jewelry and perfumes are found in abundance. The presence of pants and face paints, however, leads the observant archaeologist to surmise that these women were hardly ladies and resembled a fierce band of warriors dedicated to conquering males while preserving their own virginity.

"This last point is evidenced by the large white statue found in the center of a great golden hall. It can be a statue of none other than the Goddess of Virginity. This goddess must have been the source of inspiration for the Amazons and numerous charred areas of ground indicate that sacrificial offerings were given perhaps as often as once a year.

"Professor Heidegger has hypothesized that each year nine of the Amazons were allowed to leave the confines of the city. They would return pregnant from their encounter with hostile male tribes. Boy babies were left in a large field about six miles outside the city for the benefit of the wolves in the area, and the girls were kept to replenish the female population. Those women who had lost their place as virgins were then sacrificed to the Goddess of Virginity in these annual mass burnings. Mr. Heidegger's theory, I remind you, is just that and must not be taken as fact.

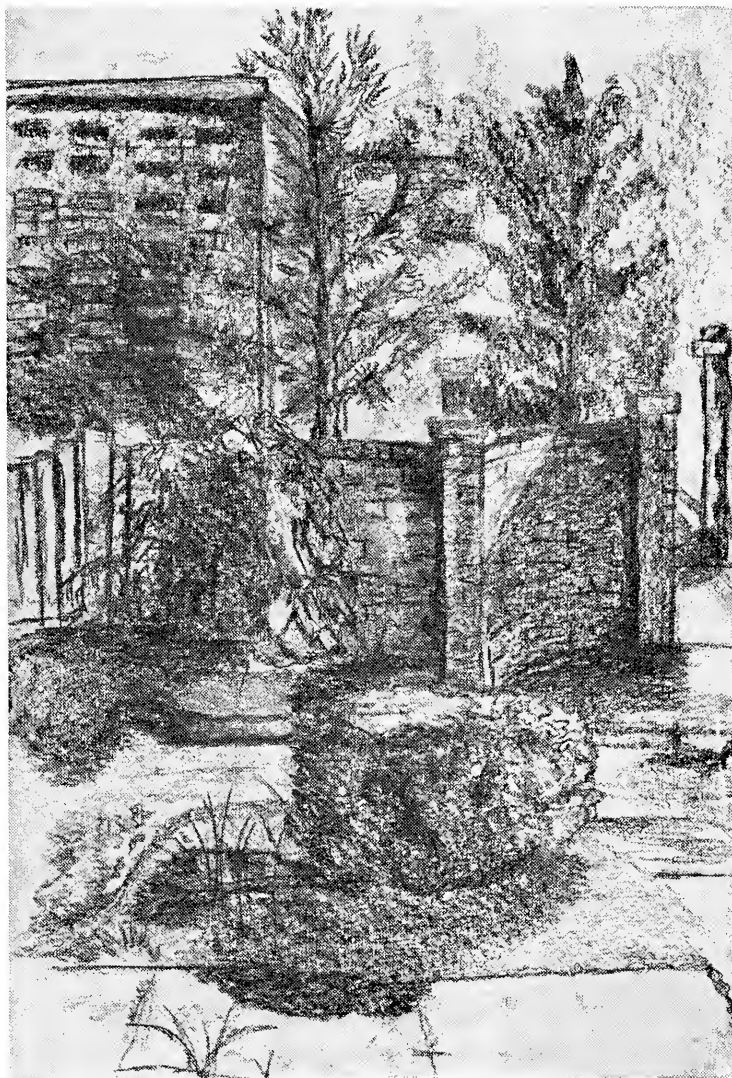
"That wine was the sustenance of life is undebatable. Empty vessels are found in almost every one of the cramped cells. Large quantities of hard rolls, miraculously preserved over the centuries, have been found in the midst of the city. Thus, bread and wine and a strange sticky substance labeled 'Peanut Butter and Jelly' must have composed the typical meal of the Amazon.

"That the Amazons were literate is evidenced by the number of manuscripts found near the preserved remains of some of them. It is currently estimated that at least 1700 women inhabited this city.

"Why did the civilization disappear? It was probably destroyed by a catastrophic earthquake which occurred in this area of North America in the 1960's. It shook the city and the jaws of the earth opened to devour the city. People were caught unaware and no doubt lived their last moments in indescribable tortures as nature tore them apart from the surface of the earth.

"Class dismissed!"

Sharon Bourne



I WALKED TODAY

*One day I ran
One day energy from countless suns merged with
my body and with my soul
And I ran
Through the leaves that crunched underneath
my feet
In spite of my agility
Leaves that swirled around me
Encasing me in autumn
The sky was heaven
And I could reach up and touch it
I was not mortal
I ran just barely touching ground
Led by the wind
That whispered into my ear secrets
From all the others . . .*

*One day I ran until all the old in my body
had gone away
Until I was nothing more
Than part of the wind
And
Nothing less . . .*

*One day I ran so hard that the blood
came up to my skin
Before I knew I was alive . . .*

One day I ran . . .

Today I walked

*Today was the reflection
of all their yesterdays,
enveloping autumn breezes
blown warm against her face,
drying the tears,
etching his image
upon the dimness of her memory.
Today was the wintry
snowdrift of other times,
reclaiming velvet security
once enough for a childish game,
lingering love,
erasing the joy
on the playground of emptiness.
Dreams, like toys outgrown,
are thrown away,
And today's incessant voice,
uncommunicating,
oblivious to the ear,
is tomorrow's silence.*

Linda Smalley

Jane Sherrod

GIFT OF LIFE

Jenny Young

*Today is a living day,
When the sun comes out
After a rain. The after-breakfast air
Is so clear, the young-spring birds so carefree,
I swerve from the sidewalk
And cross the campus lawn.
I wish, my friend, I could catch
A bird's song and give it to you
To keep for all times.*

*To the top of the hill
I walk, my head lifting,
My nostrils expanding like a horse's
With each step. Silent are the streets,
Paying homage to such a morning.
A long time I stand. The cardinals
Play tag in the weed-patch
Where the spring day's fragrance
Hits my face. Damp, sweet smell!
I have known you since birth,
Always a joyful smell, smelling of life.*

*I shut my eyes, and I am at home
Playing soldier in the woods.
I am riding a palomino mare
Across the meadow, curbing her impatience
And mine. I am on the highest mountain
Of the Blue Ridge, beside a black-barked pine
Whose green needles still cup raindrops,
Gift of the storm whose smoky wisps
Roll down the pine-green slopes.*

*Today you can touch, see,
Breathe tranquility; it is no
Abstraction. It lives, but not
In drowsiness — in keen life.
It lives in the blue haze on the hills,
In the duet of the red cardinals,
In the flight of the starling.
It lives in the silver squirrel
Snapping his tail at me as he hangs
Upside down from the silk-smooth tree.
Nor is it shattered when the morning whistle
Splits the air. Tranquility remains;
'Tis I who must go. I turn my head
To the rising sun and swing my steps home.*

THE DISCUSSION

"It's a subconscious relation of the real to the abstract. He meant that the reality of life is, in a major sense, an abstraction of time into a moment of. . ."

The other scholar cut in, impatiently. "No, no, Smythe. That wasn't his point at all. It is a conscious revelation of his innermost emotion. A deep intellectual outpouring of his soul. He means that life is an experience to be tasted, not tested, adored, not analyzed. . ." Smythe shook his head in annoyance.

"No, no, Anderson. Just look at his poetry. It is definitely stated by not only B. J. Powell but also R. F. Hudson that his poetry reveals the depths of the human soul; but that is an unconscious abstraction of the soul into sociological terms. Fischer states quite emphatically that. . ."

"Fischer! Hudson! Powell!" Anderson snorted. "Frauds! Phonies! Pseudo-Intellectuals! Now according to Freud, of whom Peterson was well aware, this outpouring is. . ." Smythe broke in angrily.

"Anderson, you're a boob! He meant that. . ." Anderson, scowling fiercely, cut him off.

"Let's not get down to personalities, Smythe. Jacob Peterson's poetry is vastly different from his prose, any idiot knows that. This particular piece of prose is a deep intellectual. . ." Red-faced with rage, Smythe silenced him.

"Peterson's here for the lecture series tonight. Let's go ask him." Anderson smiled haughtily. "Yes, let's. You need to hear for yourself."

The two scholars walked in portly silence down the corridor to Jacob Peterson's temporary office. The author sat immersed in a hefty tome, his face a mixture of incredulity, disbelief, bewilderment, and distaste. As the two men entered, he looked up and smiled. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said pleasantly, "may I help you?"

"I am Professor R. J. Smythe and this is my associate, Professor T. M. Anderson. We would like you to settle a discussion for us. It concerns your **Lonesome Antelope**. I believe it's a subconscious realization of man's inhumanity to man, using the antelope to represent the present-day pacifists and the hunters. . ."

"No, no, Smythe. You're wrong. I believe it was a conscious revelation of your innermost feelings on conservation and the cruelty of man to beast." As Smythe tried to interrupt, Anderson scowled and turned to Peterson. "What exactly did you mean by your **Lonesome Antelope**?"

Peterson smiled gravely at his folded hands. "Actually, gentlemen, I went hunting with a few of my friends and they shot an antelope. Simply a story of a hunt, I'm afraid, told as I saw it. No deep meanings, no implications."

After a moment of silence, Smythe turned in triumph to Anderson. "There! Now are you satisfied? A subconscious revelation!"

Peterson, startled, raised his gaze from his hands. "Gentlemen," he interrupted Anderson in his bewilderment, "I put nothing into the story except the flat realism of the hunt. It is an essay, not a sojourn into my unconscious." Both professors smiled smugly and nodded.

"Thank you, Mr. Peterson," Anderson murmured, politely, on his way through the door. As they went down the hall, Peterson heard "intellectual revelation" and "unconscious out-pouring." He sighed and shook his head returning with equal confusion and resignation to J. M. Pollack's **The Writings of Jacob Peterson: A Man Struggling With His Soul**.

Louise Dougherty



"Here it is, four o'clock, time for my interview with Dr. Theroux. (Gulp!) Hello, Dr. Theroux."

"Please, luv, call me Alex."

"Well, if you insist Dr. Love—I mean, Alex. Are you ready to be interviewed about your car?"

"You're kidding, is it really supposed to be today? I was just on my way to the gas station to pick it up. Miss Craft is going to give me a lift, so you can come along and ask me questions on the way."

"(Sigh!) Now just start telling me a few points of interest, sir."

"To tell you the truth, I'm not really attached to it like some people are to cars. I hate this idolatry of cars; it violates the first commandment doesn't it? One cannot be a slave to an inanimate object." We arrived at the gas station, and he paused a moment to talk to the mechanic. "May I take her home now?" he pleaded.

The mechanic replied with a smirky grin in my direction. "Sure, take her anywhere you please!"

"I meant the car!" retorted the frustrated professor.

"Oh excuse me. Yep, she's ready. Right over there, sir."

When we were finally on our way, I began immediately to plague him with questions. "Now, Dr. Theroux . . ."

"Sh!" he commanded as he gingerly turned the ignition key. "Just let me get excited for a minute! Isn't this beautiful!" dutifully, I agreed. After a moment of meditation, he proceeded to describe the car. "It's a Mark VI Bentley. Someday I may get a Rolls. The two are very similar. This one has several conveniences: a sun roof, a shade for the back window that goes up and down, a fog light, and most important—separate motors for the wind-screen wipers!" I asked him then if he had any unusual experiences concerning the car, to which he replied, "When it first arrived in New York, there was something the matter with the battery. Once the car was started it couldn't be turned off, so I had to drive all the way to Boston, non-stop. Another time this kid began having acute appendicitis pains in the back seat." Anticipating my next question, he added, "No, I didn't operate!" "Most people have one of two reactions when they get in the car. Some say, 'Oh, look, everything works!' to which I reply—It's a Bentley, of course every-

thing works. Others come out with the choice phrase 'Hey, the wheel's on the wrong side.' Americans can't believe an alternate method might be a valid method, you know? For instance, the general observation is, 'Look, they drive on the wrong side of the road!'"

"(Cough!) Any additional comments about the car before I leave, sir?" I asked.



"Oh, yes, you might get the word around that I'm looking for a chauffeur." He smiled and drove off into the sunset.

From the opposite direction, a tiny speck appeared bobbing up and down the highway. Though I had never met Dr. Alexander Berkis personally, I easily recognized him as the speck enlarged into a man on a bicycle.

Later, seated in his office, I learned that bicycle riding was a common mode of transportation in his native country, Latvia, since there were few cars, and he began riding as a small child. When asked the maximum number of miles he had ridden in a day, he replied casually, "Oh, forty to forty-five miles. The advantage of riding

WAY TO GO!

a bicycle is of course for the physical exercise it affords," he said, "but there are several disadvantages as well. Driving against the wind is a tiresome occupation, and when the weather is bad, I have to take a town car." "Once," he reminisced, "in my native country, my father, my father's friend, a judge, and I were bicycling to a neighboring city. We were caught in a thunderstorm and were forced to ride several hours to find shelter. When we arrived, we requested admittance into a number of

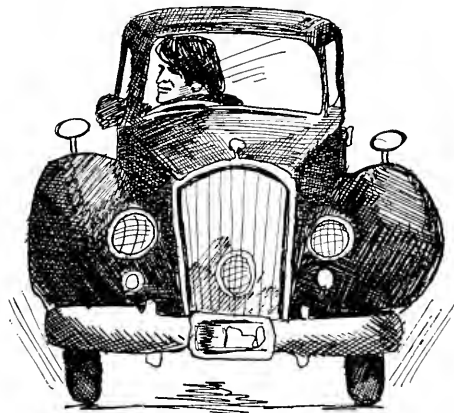


hotels, but all of them refused us, mistaking us for vagabonds. We were covered with mud, you see. After we tried about six hotels, the judge found it necessary to use the influence of his position. Once he adequately identified himself, we were given a room and many apologies."

With a tip of his hat and a warm handshake, he dismissed me to my musings and I wandered over to Lankford to my next interview. I spotted Miss Ripley at once, slaughtering Mrs. Harriss with her cue stick. Well, actually she was slaughtering the nine ball, but Mrs. Harriss wasn't exactly happy. Having gotten used to the informal approach, I began asking questions between shots.

"Just why did you buy your motorcycle?" I ventured.

"I bought it a little over a year ago on pure impulse. It took me about half an hour to teach myself to ride it. Nuh-uh, Phyllis, you have to call your pocket! I don't like to ride it in the city or on the highway because the cars can't see you. A lady pulled out in front of me one day, and if I hadn't slammed down on my little beep-beep,



that would have been all. I always wear a helmet, though, because I figure my head's worth that much. Bank seven on left and in corner pocket."

"I see, now what do you . . ."

"I ride it just for pleasure and fun. It gives you a sense of freedom; just about anybody could enjoy a motorcycle provided they have the nerve to get on it. I don't ride it around Longwood much. Rule 792bb prohibits two wheeled motor bikes on campus the hours between 8 and 5. Most of my riding I do on mountain trails." (Rumor has it that several professors, Miss Fath, Miss Callaway, and Mr. Roulliard will never be the same since they've ridden with Miss Ripley. I even heard Miss Fath was going to change her name.)

Rachael Paschall

A CLOSE LOOK AT THE MULBERRY BUSH

Louise Dougherty

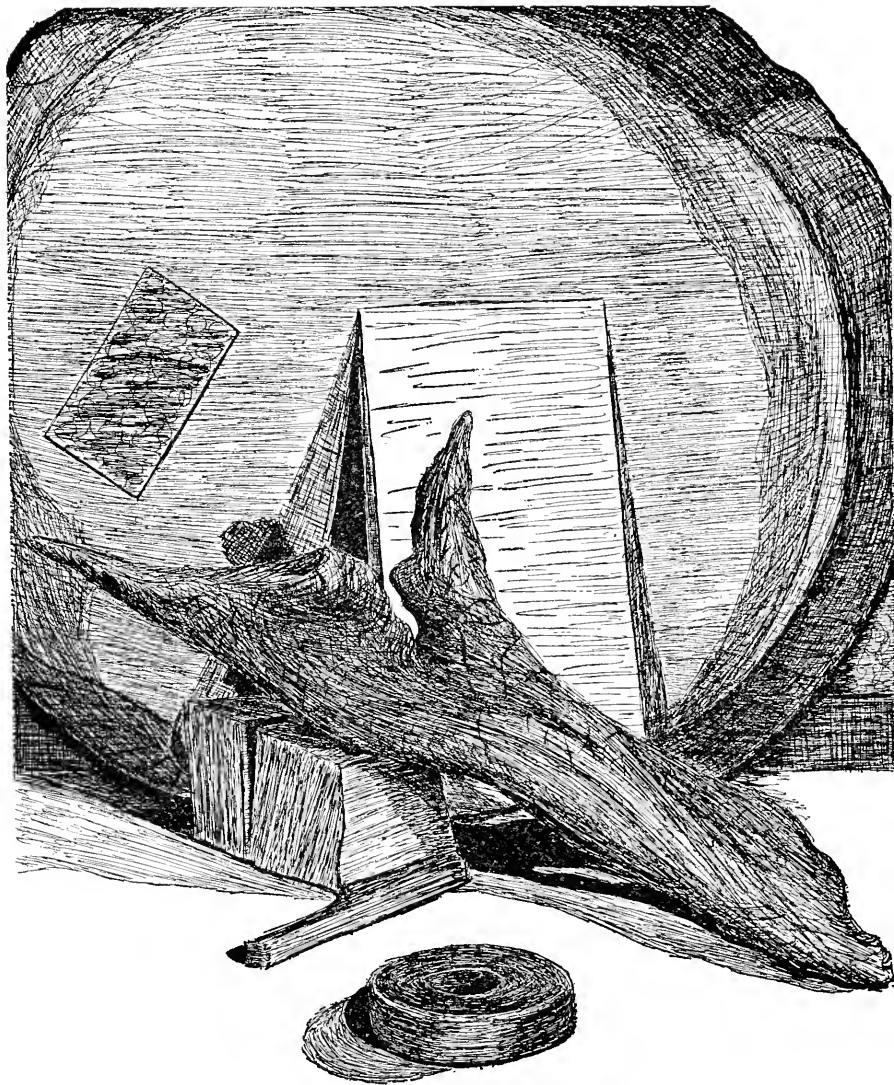
Children are a miniature reflection of adults and, therefore, the children's world is a shadow of the adult world. This theory is best illustrated by a close look at nursery rhymes and children's songs, in particular, a close look at the **Mulberry Bush**.

How many of us have heard the refrain of **Mulberry Bush** and never suspected the deep psychological importance of the words? "Catchy tune" we murmur to ourselves and ignore the depth. "Here we go 'round the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush, Here we go 'round the Mulberry Bush, so early in the morning." Ah, the innocence of childhood. The pearls of wisdom that fall unawares from rosy little lips.

It is evident that the mulberry bush signifies truth and frankness. "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush," here we circumvent the truth, like two dogs circling a bone, eyeing each other with suspicion and mistrust, is that not the adult world? Do we not circle the truth? Avoid frank communication with the adeptness of acrobats?

"Early in the morning" obviously represents the beginning of time after the Fall. Man has always circumvented truth, circled reality. Do we not say "don't beat around the bush"? This is the adult phraseology for the children's song. Plato, with his shadows of reality, touched near the heart of this infantine wisdom. All we see and know are shadows of the mulberry bush, of the greater reality.

The repetition of mulberry bush reveals the pitiful drudgery of man as he plods forever around the mulberry bush, sometimes near the truth, sometimes far away. Although other songs use this repetition, none express the pathos, the complete helplessness of the human condition quite so well as **Mulberry Bush**. No other song or nursery rhyme expresses quite so well the heartbreaking unawareness of mankind. We are all children, strutting around the mulberry bush of truth, singing at the top of our little lungs, "Here we go 'round the Mulberry bush, so early in the morning."



WHEN VIOLETS ON THE GREEN DID GROW:
A COMMENDATION AND A RENAISSANCE

*When violets on the green did grow
And tulips sprang from pregnant earth,
The clouds receded as in birth
And let a soul pass through.*

*It was not Death that did him take
(The April breath had exiled Him)
But rather it was heavenly limb
That bore him into life, not wake.*

*The fragrant buttercup stood still
And asked cool earth what was the cause;
The oak tree laced in green did pause
To catch the passing of the soul.*

*The swollen earth could only sigh
And say one day she, too, must die;
The violet shook its purple head:
She could not see earth's children dead.*

*The wise old oak did console give
To each fair child of earth:
"The beauty you see here in birth
Is not reserved for those who live.*

*"My roots did one time think as you
When I was young and proud;
But when my boughs strained up to Heav'n,
The earth in distance grew.*

*"The tables turned; no more could I
Bend down to touch the earth.
Atone were we, the sky and I,
And God in sky and earth."*

*The twilight outlined earth in gold,
Then orange, and red, and purple—
A purple so deep that it beckoned sleep
And guided home the old.*

*Now, all asleep, the earth did nest,
Her seasonal labor done.
By day she'd watched her children come,
By cool purple night she'd rest.*

*Morning would always bring new joy,
Evening would bring sweet peace;
But night was God's, and God was light,
And in death the two must meet.*

*So, in the night she commended his soul,
The mother of nature did,
To God, who hovered o'er earth at night
And brought to earth his peace.*

Andrey Talley

SILENT NIGHT, HOLLOW NIGHT

The sign outside says "ALL-NITE BINGO," and the beckoning sound of hollow, plastic balls popping against a glass sorting machine calls to drifters from the parlor's open front.

Filthy cages on the sidewalk outside house innocent puppies whose function it is to serve as a come-on for passers by. No one ever wins the animals, and from their blurry-eyed, pathetic inactivity, they seem more like old, miniature dogs condemned forever to sleep on nasty newspapers, than the playful little creatures they are doomed to represent.

No less tired and victimized than the puppies are the people crowded within, who all night feed dimes into the bulging apron pockets of a burly, tattooed attendant for the privilege of placing corn kernels over the numbers on a frayed and faded card. Perched on uncomfortable stools, white stuffing emerging from slits in the yellow plastic, these lonely, homeless victims of the dark take refuge—listening to the high-pitched voice of the caller for the comfort of a light overhead, the companionship of nameless brothers, and the chance of giving substance to their empty night with the hollow cry of "Bingo!"

Catherine Leary

Abstract Fruits



“Orange”

“Pear”



“Green Pepper”

SURVIVAL

He had known the weather was going to be rough and that he shouldn't try it alone, but it was only a regular hour flight with no apparent danger. Skipper had come down with pneumonia and was under the doctor's supervision, so Mike had decided to take the flight solo. With the supplies stocked up for a month, there was really nothing of importance that had to come from the base. If Skipper wasn't well by that time, the base could always send a supply flight out. But Mike knew he was a good pilot—one of the best in the territory—and the weather hadn't appeared that menacing.

"Please, Mike. I really don't think you should go alone," Meg, his wife, had pleaded. "You know as well as I do that there isn't anything needed from the base. We have plenty of supplies. If it should get worse, we could always start rationing them."

Mike was almost flippant in his reply: "I don't have anything else to do, and I've flown solo before. Anyway, the sky looks like the storm will either blow over or hold up until after I get back."

Now as Mike lay pinned flat on his back, his foolishness became apparent to him. Mike had always been proud, almost arrogant, of his aerial knowledge and skill. Flying in the unpredictable Yukon weather had been a challenge to him. The Yukon was almost a person to Mike; always laughing at his littleness and weakness. Maybe that was one of the reasons Mike was so adamant about this particular solo flight. He had realized that the weather might prove to be hazardous. He knew, too, that a solo flight in this part of the country, even with excellent weather, could prove fatal.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The words pounded in Mike's brain. Mike had always prided himself on his ability and knowledge, and now both of these seemed to have forsaken him, along with his God.

Mike Cralley was one of the two pilots at Wolf's Jaw Landing. After he had served his time in the Army, Mike had taken this job as a pilot and a guide. Since he had been raised in the Aleutians and had flown in the Army, this type of job came as a natural part of his existence. Mike's physical appearance also seemed to verify that Mike himself was part of the Yukon. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and his heavy cold-weather clothes seemed to pronounce rather than bundle his muscular frame. His dark green eyes were complimented by his red wind-burned cheeks. His short crew cut seemed to defy the cold, even with his ear muffs and cap on.

Skipper Marks could actually have been Mike's twin. They had met during their pull in the Army, and when their similarities became apparent, they became friends for life. When asked how the two joined forces, Mike would kiddingly reply: "Ah, he took to me just like a duck to water." Although he loved the out-of-doors like Mike, Skipper was quieter, more mature, and more sensible than Mike. Mike was the happy, carefree type who didn't give a damn—until it was too late. Then he would do anything he could to correct an error or mistake—but Mike was facing his last chance right now.

"I'll be back at three o'clock," Mike had assured Meg as he started for the hangar. The all-weather cub plane was his pride and joy. Meg, who was expecting their first child in two months, knew that Mike would probably be off somewhere flying that plane when the baby was born; or else he'd be flying her to Whitehorse in an effort to reach the hospital in time. In fact, Mike would probably see to it that the baby was born in the plane. She dearly loved Mike and was happy with the life he had given her, but sometimes she really wondered. He could be so childish and unpredictable at the most inconvenient times. Just like this morning when he insisted on flying alone.

"Knowing him, he'll probably get out there and start playing tag with some snow clouds." She had tried to ease her mind with lighter thoughts.

The pain was becoming less intense now. "Or maybe the cold is just numbing my body gradually." Mike knew he couldn't be very optimistic about the situation. Even if he was spotted by a search plane within the next few hours, it would take longer for a rescue party to reach him; and if it continued to snow as heavily as it was now, the plane and strewn wreckage would be partially hidden by snow. The visibility would be low, too, and the trees and bad weather would prevent search planes from low flying.

Mike had been flying carefully but the snow had been too blinding. He had tried to judge a medium altitude. If he flew too low he would crash into the tree tops and if he flew too high the snow would be too heavy and blinding. It would have been sheer folly to even try to take the little cub above the storm. As he had banked toward the south and the flight line toward the base, his wing tip had brushed the top of a tree. Mike had pulled up rapidly, but when he did this, the wing caught another tree on the upward curve. It had felt like being at the end of crack-the-whip on iceskates—a sudden twist, then release. He had heard the motor grind, and had seen motor parts and tree branches fly all different directions. As he braced for a crash, Mike knew the plane would never come through in one piece. There were too many trees and the underbush was almost as mean as the dense trees. He did not see the crash, just a sudden whiteness, outside then inside his skull.

When Mike opened his eyes, he was blinded with the piercing snow. There was a stabbing pain in his left side. From his prone position, he could see what had happened: He was pinned under the bent left wing and was unable to move. He could guess what had happened when the nose hit the ground. Mike's door had been forced open from the impact. Mike, always so sure of himself, had not

had his seat belt strapped. He had been thrown out of the plane.

Mike grimaced as he attempted a slight move. He couldn't tell whether his back was broken or it was just the weight of the wing pinning him against the snow, but he could be surer about his chest. "Probably got some ribs broken, and I'll be lucky if my leg is in one piece." He was pinned from the waist down, but movement of any kind was painful.

That happened perhaps hours ago. Yet remembering made him try once again to move, but his strength seemed less than before or the weight upon him had grown heavier. When he realized that freeing himself was impossible, Mike's thoughts returned to possible search parties. "I told Meg I would be home by three. That meant that I would reach the base a little before two o'clock, load up, refuel, and take off almost immediately. They'll be expecting me at the base; also, I radioed at take-off." Mike knew that if things went rapidly and the search parties in the air and on land were diligent, there was a possibility that he would be found by morning.

Mike slowly and painfully raised his left arm inch by inch. If he could see what time it was, he could judge how much longer he had to lie there, and also, how much colder it would get. His hopes were dashed when he finally got a glimpse of his wrist. Between the sleeve of his jacket and the edge of his heavy leather glove, Mike could make out the remnants of his watch parts dangling to the heavy band. He knew then that he was much more badly injured than he had realized. "Oh, hell," Mike breathed, cursing himself more than the situation he was in. So now all he could do was lie there and think, hope, and pray. Think: of Meg, his child; of Skipper, Wolf's Jaw Landing, the life he would never return to. Hope: that Meg, the base, "Oh God, just somebody!" would become anxious. And pray: that by some miracle he would live.

There was a sound like the breaking of thin wire from

far across the horizon. Mike's thoughts came to an abrupt halt and then raced on again. "God, if you get me out of this, I promise I'll build a chapel at Wolf's Jaw Landing. If we have enough people there for a doctor, we have enough for a preacher." Mike had begun yelling his thoughts aloud, calling out as if he really expected his voice to carry across this vast white wilderness. When he heard himself he stopped abruptly. "Now why am I yelling my fool head off?" Then it came again. It was indistinct and far away, but it was getting closer. Mike held his breath, fearing his mind was playing tricks on him—but he had been right! The sound came closer; beautiful as it approached: the drone of a twin-engine cub plane.

"Here, here!" Mike ignored the shooting pains as he screamed for survival. The plane circled three times. "Three, oh God, oh God. They've seen me. They know I'm here!" Mike was laughing and crying hysterically.

But then Mike's ear caught another faint sound—several in fact. What he heard was a kind of panting, snuffling, hot breathing, accompanied by the soft padding of feet. There was a rank smell that made his own hair crawl. The smell of blood always excited wild animals, especially wolves.

Rebecca Hudgins

SILVER LADY TURNED TO DUST

Well, my lady Diana,
it seems you smile on me tonight.
You have no need of the winds
to guide your silver sleigh;
Your shining stallions
manage quite well on their own,
With but your lash to urge them—

Nay! No whip
for gentle Diana,
Whose voice alone
commands their graceful pace.
The clouds draw back
like peasants,
Respecting the nobility
which runs them down
Like so many foxes run to ground.

Some say, my lady,
you're the cause of those
Who stray their path.
No matter.
Know ye, peasants!
I worship her silver locks,
Her light that leads me
to and from my friends.

Diana, you look so smug,
but I know better.
Man has conquered you,
circled you, thoroughly examined you!
Your beauty is that of a painting
seen from afar.
Poor lady! So noble once,
now still proud, but humbled, too.

Jenny Young

UPON DISCOVERING THE DIMENSIONAL WORLD

I'm not convinced of blue skies,
Nor do I feel concrete color,
Rather I'm familiar with mixed blues,
Running through the lines
Like blotted ink.

Today I spotted a friend,
Who turned into a stranger,
And tomorrow I'll return,
To catch a bright leaf
Of the autumn before.

I've attempted straight stretches,
But I fell inside the gaps,
And struggling out
Proved impossible,
As halves held in the whole.

Uncertainties contain no comfort,
And relatively bears boring arguments,
Yet I can no longer travel straight
Nor ignore direction,
Having discovered the dimensional world.

Virginia Robertson

COLEUS

Mom, I love your coleus
It watches me from the stoop
In purple painted concrete pots
Sees my comings and my goings

All summer it smiled silently
a greeting in the shade
Hello to the paper boy
Hello to Calico Queenie
Hello to me it shimmered a cranberry jelly wave
When I came back all sun-burned from the lake.

On rainy days the lank leaves dripped and flapped
Mournful maternal endurance in gray-green drops.

And late and soft, warm evenings by the door
The upright presence watched a tender kiss.

I know that all that glory was
no accidental bounty.
With careful feedings
and faithful waterings
You've pruned the lovely foliage to perfection
No gray-white seed stalk ever dared remain.

But now it's late October
With fogs and silent birdsong
And nature's bringing to a close
The beauty it began.

Let it go now, Mom,	Before the frost
I like those strands	All life should have
They give a kind of grace.	A chance to be complete.

C. Smith



